

BUSINESS CARDS

FURNISHED ROOMS
AUTO AND TEAM CONVEYANCE
C. C. BRYANT
8 Mechanic Street, Bethel, Maine
Telephone Connection

S. S. GREENLEAF
FUNERAL DIRECTOR & MORTICIAN
AUTO HARBOR
AMBULANCE FOR MOVING THE
SICK
Day and Night Service
BETHEL, MAINE
Phone 112

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
BETHEL, MAINE
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKERS
Chaste Designs
FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP
Letters of inquiry promptly answered
See Our Work—Get Our Prices
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

HOWARD E. TYLER, D. O.
Palmer Graduate
Office Hours—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M.
to 5 P. M. Evenings by appointment
Tel. 228-3
111 Main St., NORWAY, ME.

'BEAUTIFY WITH PICTURES'
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Get your pictures framed at
TYLER'S
Spring St., BETHEL MAINE
Swing Frames, School Pictures
Portraits. Wire and Screweyes

BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION

FIRE ALARM SIGNALS
1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Mason and Paradise Streets.
2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.
3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.
4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.
5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.
6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Mills, Mill Yards and Railroad Street.

IN CASE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will tend to the alarm immediately.

TIME TABLE

Effective Sept. 9, 1928

EASTBOUND

	Daily	Daily	Sun.
A. M.	ex-Sun.	only	P. M.
Island Pond	5.15	2.05	2.60
Berlin	7.05	3.45	4.25
Gilead	7.44	4.20	5.05
Alton (W. Bethel)	7.64	4.30	5.15
BETHEL	8.01	4.45	5.27
Locke's Mills	8.10	4.55	5.37
Bryant's Pond	8.19	5.00	5.44
Bates (W. Paris)	8.25	5.12	5.63
South Paris	8.55	5.24	6.12
Danville Jct.	10.05	6.08	6.50
Portland	11.05	7.03	7.50

WESTBOUND

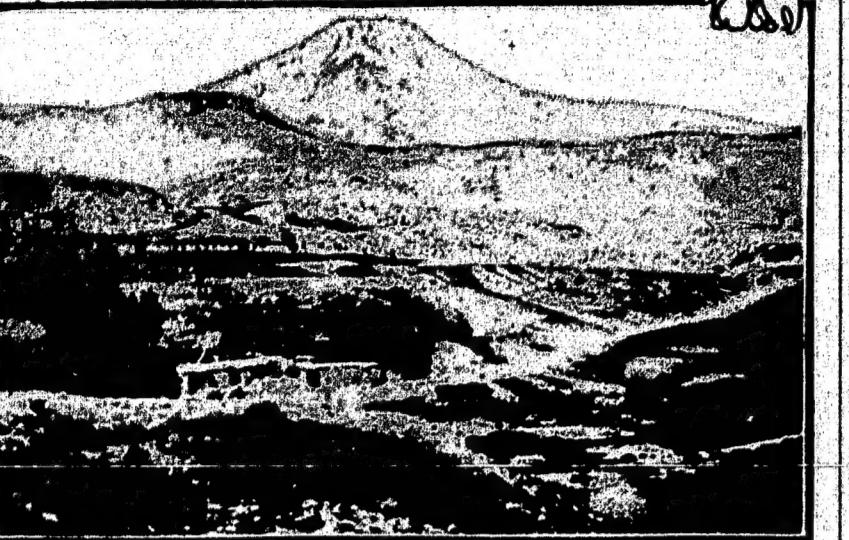
	Daily	Sun.	Daily
A. M.	ex-Sun.	only	P. M.
Portland	7.20	7.20	5.25
Danville Jct.	8.11	8.11	6.20
South Paris	8.55	8.55	7.12
Bates (W. Paris)	9.29	9.10	7.49
Bryant's Pond	9.26	9.24	8.01
Locke's Mills	9.42	9.30	8.11
BETHEL	9.51	9.39	8.23
Alton (W. Bethel)	10.01	9.46	8.33
Gilead	10.14	9.59	8.43
Berlin	11.05	10.41	9.31
Island Pond	12.05	12.35	11.25

You Say You Can't Advertise?

That's what others have said and all of a sudden found some competitor was doing what they thought they couldn't do. And getting away with it. Get the bugle on your competitor by telling your story in an attractive manner so it will be read. You'll get the results. We Are Anxious to Help.

Worthlessness of Dreams
Keeping a record of dreams is not as valuable as keeping a record of the vagaries of the deceased. For dreams are but the involuntary absences of reason. Only Freud attempts to make a science of it—Evidence.

Zoroaster's Paradise



Mount Demavend, Persia.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)
NYONE who has carefully examined a map of Asia has probably noticed as one of the few designated features of the portion occupied by Persia the rather striking name, Mount Demavend. The emphasis given to this spot by the absence of many other defined locations throughout the country is quite in keeping with its size, magnificence and importance.

Demavend, which outrivs in proportions any mountain in Europe, is the highest peak in southwestern Asia, for it rises to an altitude of nearly 20,000 feet above sea level. Whether viewed through the mists from the Caspian sea or in the clear, thin air of the Iranian plateau, its snow-capped volcanic cone is a vision of surpassing splendor. But to realize its full grandeur one must see it from the crest of a neighboring range, where the eye can take in with a single sweep the unbroken range from base to summit, or from some point a hundred miles southward across the desert, where it still dominates the hazy horizon long after the rugged outlines of its surrounding ranges have dissolved in the distance.

Is it to be wondered at that such a superb landmark should hold a prominent place from the earliest times in the legend and the superstition of the Iranian peoples?

As Mount Olympus in Greece was the home of the gods, so the paradise of Zoroaster was the summit of Demavend in Persia. Many legends have developed from its mysterious, fear-inspiring grandeur.

Not only has this great mountain held a lofty place in mythology, but it has cast its far-reaching shadow over many epoch making events in history. Almost at its very base (in the Median metropolis of Rhaes) was born the mother of Zoroaster. It marks the eastern limit of the raids of the Assyrians before the rise to power of the great kings of Persia, and its frowning eastern face overlooked the mountain home of the rising Parthian empire. Alexander the Great passed beneath it in his pursuit of Darius III and sent expeditions through the neighboring passes to subdue the almost impregnable regions of Hyrcania. Following in his footsteps came Antiochus the Great against the Parthians, and westward along this same route Genghis Khan, Tuliung Khan and Tamerlane led their ravaging hordes.

Guidpost for Caravans. Rising not far from a great international highway, Demavend has served as a gigantic guidepost for scores of generations of daring merchants, who, long before Columbus, exchanged the wares of the West and the East by means of their slow-crawling caravans, and the lonely grandeur has gripped the imagination of intrepid adventurers of all ages. Within its shadow a score of great dynasties have risen and fallen, and today it stands as one of the few remaining glories of the Persian empire.

The Elburz mountain range, of which Demavend is an outstanding member, is a unit in the great mountain system that stretches from southern Turkestan to central Asia, and with regard to Persia, is the great dividing line between the northern limits of the Iranian plateau and the Caspian depression, a 12,000 foot wall separating a basin 81 feet below sea level from a plateau averaging 4,000 feet in altitude. Beginning near Ardabil in Azerbaijan, it extends southeastward and eastward more than 500 miles along the southern shores of the Caspian and into Khorasan.

This great mountain wall gives northern Persia the anomaly of two almost contiguous but quite different climates. The moisture of the Caspian basin is excluded from the interior, resulting on the northern side, in a semi-tropical climate with an annual rainfall of over 50 inches and luxuriant orange groves and crops of rice and cotton, and on the mountain sides themselves, dense forests of hardwood, while the southern escarpment is barren and supplies scarcely enough water for the narrow but still desert fringe at its base, with its crops of grain and fruits of the temperate zone.

Demavend itself is about 45 miles northeast of Teheran, in the central of three parallel chains. It towers high above these flanking mountains, whose summits do not exceed two-thirds its elevation, the only mountain

peak among endless series of ridges. Its conical form and seemingly even slope of about 45 degrees from top to bottom at once indicate its volcanic nature.

Lofty but Not Hard to Climb.

Strange to say, the exact altitude of Demavend still remains uncertain. Numerous measurements have been made, ranging from 18,000 to over 22,000 feet, an average of the most reliable giving an altitude of about 18,000, though the single measurement commonly accepted is 18,464 feet.

For a mountain of this size, the ascent cannot be considered especially difficult, there being few obstacles other than the cold, the rarity of the atmosphere, and fatigue.

Late summer, with its settled weather and minimum of snow, is, of course, the best time of the year for the ascent. Although Teheran, the nearest large city, is the logical point of departure, the precipitous nature of the western scarp necessitates a circuitous approach. A three-day trip takes one across the first range of mountains by the Atesh pass, with an elevation of 9,000 feet; then, between the two ranges, down the well-watered Lar valley, which during its brief summer season supports the flocks and herds of nomadic tent-dwellers, who pass their winters in the plain villages south of Teheran, and, skirting the southern base of the mountain itself, to the village of Rous, above the cañon east of Demavend.

This mountain village, which has an elevation of about 8,000 feet, makes an excellent base, for from this point a well-defined trail winds upward 7,000 feet, to where a few shepherds pasture their flocks on the green, moist areas immediately below the snowfields.

This part of the ascent, made either on horse or mule back or afoot, requires the better part of a day, during the early hours of which it is necessary to graze one's way through heavy cloud banks. It is a glorious moment, however, when a sudden movement of the clouds clears the sky and reveals the summit; its great golden cap of sulphur glowing in the sunlight, seemingly so near in the dry, clear atmosphere that one is deceived into thinking that the climb is almost over.

The ascent from this temporary camp to the crater requires about ten hours of actual climbing; so, however one arranges it, part of the trip, up or down must be made at night. Although with nightfall the cold becomes extremely severe, there is the compensation of enjoying the wonderfully luminous moonlight of Persia under very unusual conditions.

No Big Glaciers to Traverse.

Considering the aridity of the region, it is not surprising that there are no great glaciers to be traversed; but the remains of glacial formations, in particular one immense chasmlike cañon, at the head of which is a huge immovable ice mass, suggest that at one time the country enjoyed a more abundant climate. The angle of the icecap varies only from 40 to 55 degrees, thus rendering the descent as dangerous and trying as that of an equatorial ladder.

The climbing, shifting fields of powdered snow not to be belied by the somewhat serenely idyllic program, for the climber here is similar to what one might encounter in trying to ascend a steep roof covered with two feet of broken snow. Although it requires one and one-half hours for the portion of the ascent, the descent over the same ground is easily made in four minutes.

The expanse of the great golden sulphur cap the edge of which is reached a hundred yards below the rim of the crater, is startling. Thousands of tons of sulphur are exposed to view and the fumes which permeate the air are almost noxious.

The lofty isolation of the great peak makes it an admirable observation point. On a clear day the country spreads out in every direction like a giant relief map on which a comprehensive view of the whole complex range and of mountain chains and deep gorges replaces the restricted vision of one on the plateau. Close at hand the great intermountain valleys and far away to the south the great desert fringe and the vast desert itself are visible, while to the north hover the mists and vapors that rise over the Mazandaren jungles and the Caspian sea.

Demavend itself is about 45 miles northeast of Teheran, in the central of three parallel chains. It towers high above these flanking mountains, whose summits do not exceed two-thirds its elevation, the only mountain

Adrift With Humor

THE NOBLE ART

A near-champ in the heavyweight class was proceeding along the street when he came to two small boys engaged in a wrangle.

"I'll pop ya in de beezier!" declared Willie.

"I'll hang one on ya chilin'" threatened Junior.

"Dear, oh, dear," sighed the professional pug. "What's de younger generation comin' to, anyways?"—American Legion Monthly.

There's a Difference

"Now listen, son," said dad to his boy when leaving for college.

"Shoot, old dear," said son.

"When you get back to college this year," went on his dad, "I want you to wire less and not wireless so often for money."

Go Easy, Judge

Judge—Have you any excuse to offer before I fine you for speeding?

Victim—Yes, your honor. It's like this. I heard that there was a cook at my place. I had to hurry to get her before some one else beat me to it.

LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES



She—Women will look after them.

He—What's the matter—aren't the men looking after them enough to satisfy them?

Precautions

If I should make a polar trip, Where the conditions are so hard, Before I went on board the ship, I'd say, "Show me the menu card!"

What's the Password?

Friend—Wife—It seems to me that the literary club is meeting quite often at Bioner's, isn't it?

Friend—Hubby—Yes, I admit it, but we don't disturb anybody. The meetings are held in the basement.

Shampooed

Policeman (to woman driver)—Hey, you, what's the matter with you, any way?

Lady (in traffic jam)—Well, officer, you see, I just had my car washed, and I can't do a thing with it!

Something Just as Good

"My hair is falling out," complained Mr. Illeg to the druggist. "Can't you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the druggist. "I advise you to get an empty box."

GOOD IDEA

Police officer (to woman driver)—Hey, you, what's the matter with you, any way?

Lady (in traffic jam)—Well, officer, you see, I just had my car washed, and I can't do a thing with it!

First Bird—Why does he go to sleep all tied up in a knot?

Second Bird—Probably to remind himself of something when he wakes up.

Under the Spreading, Etc.

Beside the filling station now stands the village smithy, where And many dollars fall into His large and shiny hands

Funny

"Your hair looks funny, Eloise."

"I'll rip it up in curl papers."

"Well?"

"Must have used a comic supple menu."

Started the Usual Way

"How old that story happen to spread so fast?"

"Oh, I guess somebody told it to somebody else in confidence."

Catching the Crawlers

French Fisherman—Any luck today?

Second Ditto—Nope. All I caught in my nets was two shaggy swimmers.

French Fisherman—Allision (Mass.) Record.</

Daphne Accepted Good Advice.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright)

DAPHNE's hand paused for just a moment before closing her studio door. Certainly her soul paused, hesitated before taking that final step which would close forever the door of her loved studio and her girlhood freedom.

But love, in the form of Dick Trevor, was waiting her, and love, when one is but eighteen, seems a very wonderful kingdom for any girl to be entering.

And as she went slowly down the stairs from her floor to the next she heard the door of the studio below her own open. The little old lady who lived there came out, and it was obvious she wanted Daphne to halt for conversation.

She smiled very sweetly into the young girl's eyes and asked wistfully, "My dear, could you spare just five minutes to have a little chat with me—before you leave?"

"Why—yes," hesitated Daphne, "But—how did you know I was leaving?"

"I was listening at the door last night, my dear, and I heard all your plans for running off with this poor young artist. And because I think you are making a very grave mistake I am thrusting my advice on you because—my dear, I made the same mistake years ago."

Daphne caught a swift breath and gazed eagerly into the kindly face of the little old lady. "But you have been so wonderfully successful, Madame Vane," she gasped. "Surely love must have helped."

"Love did," replied Madame softly, "when it came. The real love didn't come until I had been through the fires of suffering and disillusion. Love, dear child—the right kind of love—doesn't ask so great a sacrifice as your young artist lover is asking of you. Real love would not permit it. Your voice is not only beautiful—it is grand."

Daphne flushed hotly and the tears leaped into her big eyes. "Oh, Madame Vane—those words coming from you make me feel quite weak—I feel all wobbly. It is too wonderful—too altogether unexpected."

"My dear, I have known it these many months when I have heard you practicing and it is this great voice that you are throwing away for a young man who is letting you do it. He knows you are neither strong enough nor is he wealthy enough to see you safely through marriage with all its hardships and worries and at the same time allow you to study and do your voice the justice due it. Your father will cut off your splendid allowance—I heard you tell your sweetheart that you had promised your father not to marry for at least three years. Your parents are wise, too, child—they know that love in a poor artist's studio and the hard work necessary to place the foundation under your musical career are not possible."

"I had tried to think it all out," said Daphne, "and somehow Dick always talked me into the glory of love and the ambition it instills into one and I began to feel I was being weak in not giving in to love."

"You can still give into love three years later," said the little old lady, "and if you wait until you have stepped into fame and have all the love of a musical world—then and only then will you know what a glorious thing real love can be. You are far too young to realize that the right kind of a man for you is the one who will put you and your interests before his own. This young artist is quite willing you should give up all your own ambitions and simply become a servant in his studio."

Daphne was weeping softly now and her head had found a most happy resting place among the leaves and lavender of the little old lady's breast. "I'm so glad you stopped me and have taken me into your life," she said; "my own people are way out West and I've had no one here to ask advice from."

Madame Vane smoothed back the golden hair from Daphne's wide forehead and in her far-seeing eyes was the vision of the great concert hall packed with music lovers and Daphne whose head was cradled on her breast, was stepping out on the platform—full of courage and ready to burst forth to glorious song.

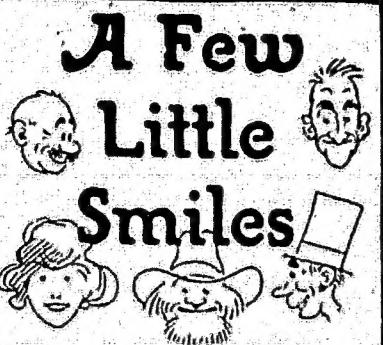
And ten years later Daphne again sat beside her on the same Chesterfield on which they had chatted that night when Daphne would have run off to marry Dick Trevor and her golden head again rested against Madame's shoulder.

There was a soft smile playing about Daphne's lips and her eyes were glint only slightly. Her breath came a bit stiffly, for one who was quite used to facing an audience of hundreds quite calmly.

"He's a wee bit late—let's be dear," said Madame.

"Five minutes," said Daphne, "and you do—love him, too. Don't you, dear—I couldn't bear to think you didn't love him and want me to marry him."

"He is the one man in all the world I would have chosen for my husband," said the little old lady; "you are both worthy of the great love that has claimed you and together there are no heights you cannot reach. I talk from experience, my dear, and I am only too happy to have passed on my knowledge to you. There—run along, child—I hear his footsteps on the stairs."

**POST-MARITAL SENTIMENT**

"What are you rummaging for?" "Some old love letters I used to write to my wife before we were married."

"That bit of sentiment does you credit. Want to peruse them again, eh?"

"Aw, g'wan! She's away now. I promised to write her often and I want to hand those old letters to my biographer to use as models."—New Zealand Leader.

Not With the Landlord

Rakeman—I hear you purchased a saxophone recently. Has it made you popular with your neighbors?

Rawkuss—I should say so. The landlord has had to reduce the rents 25 per cent in order to keep the apartments filled.—Pathfinder Magazine.

A Less Discouraging Job?

"She's getting to dress and act so mannish."

"Yes, she tried to make a man of her husband and 'ailed and evidently she's now trying to make one of herself."

GOOD AT PETTING

He—Sally is a good girl.

She—Yes, good at petting, maybe.

Easily Pleased

I'm glad when holidays come round. And glad when they are done; Enjoyment makes a man so tired That working seems like fun.

Familiar With Danger

"You say you've often been under fire. I didn't know you were in the line war."

"I wasn't, but I've spent several autumns hunting in the Maine woods."—New York World.

Hauteur

"He is as haughty as a prince!" said the impressionable girl.

"You have the wrong idea," rejoined Miss Cyanene. "I should say he was as haughty as a prize-fighter or a picture star."

It Leads to Trouble

Mrs. Gnagg—The trouble with you is you never learned to say "no." Her Husband—I've realized that from the time we stood up together and were questioned by the parson.

FOOT OF THE HILLS

While a butter corn is raised in the hills—nobody else?

But—on the foot of the hills

All Through the Night

No, I'm not the student I was At the time I was a medical student At the time I was a medical student

And I was a medical student

Punishment

Justice, guilty or not guilty of this charge of theft?

Prisoner—No sign of her business July Thirtieth—days—contempt of court!

On Her Metal

Police—Calling up—Ah, North you are as quiet your thoughts must be hidden.

North—That's right—No, Tim, copper!

It's All in the Game

One who pounds is she using him for break of ground?

Primer—Grounds—She wears he said—Love to her over and over."

Pertinent Question

Mr. A—I take care that my husband gets no cause for fault finding.

Mr. B—Does that help any?

Contentment is about eight parts laziness.

A law isn't much stronger than those who enforce it, either.

In this banqueting age, the paths of glory lead first to dyspepsia.

Mussolini is planning to visit Mt. Etna. Eruptions of a feather flock together.

One of the constantly droll spectacles is the minus leg in the plus four pants.

Home Helps: If left up three or four years, the screen door will gradually rot off.

The peace pact had a lot to say about bearing arms, but not a word about baring knees.

In the use and misuse of rouge and powder some of the girls look ghastly and some look ghostly.

Porter Gil is said to be interested in aviation, and it is as well for a President of Mexico to be so.

The girls of the gay nineties who, in the slang of the day, "took the cake," also knew how to bake one.

The wild life editor claims the hard part of possum hunting has always been chopping down the tree.

Prof. A. M. Low says Martian women have four thumbs and rule their homes. Having four thumbs, of course.

Even when the millennium arrives there will be persons who will say that it isn't what it was cracked up to be.

Bagpipe music was broadcast recently. Lots of people took their sets to pieces in an endeavor to locate the trouble.

Traffic expert says street cars are here to stay, but the trouble is they all seem to stay at the other end of the line.

We have often wondered, in our innocent way, whether the inventor of the telephone booth also designed the breakfast nook.

Another question that puzzles us at times is how a modern mother may be certain that her daughter has outgrown her dress.

The "art moderne" movement has definitely taken hold!—New York letter. Then next summer we can expect oblong watermelons.

Another of life's unsolved mysteries is why it is that a pet dog is so much more affectionate when he is shedding than at any other time.

One of the dismaying possibilities that public entertainers face is that radio-trained audiences may get out of the habit of applauding.

Remember when the family used to group on the front porch to have a kodak picture taken on Sunday? Try to group 'em on these days.

In case the seven-year-old king of Rumania wishes to know what is being done elsewhere, we have lollipops now that weigh a pound.

In spite of the prevalence of divorces, there are millions of people among whom morality and monogamy are not considered myths.

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but following on the heels of the Florida hurricane a Tampa mystic played the piano continuously for 100 hours.

Xenophon, in his "Anabasis," speaks often of the sylo-bearings chariot, which, as we understand it, was a device to eliminate the number of people wanting a ride.

The theory of relativity is briefly, that if you want to locate the sun, it's a good idea to find out what Jupiter has done with the sun's illustrated magazine.

They say the very slight a sound in a talking movie studio is received, and the movie girl, hearing the talker's voice off-camera, would find the second half of "Violin."

The moviegoer is not speaking the other half of a motion picture, and those thoughts that could be one thing are not the other.

A drop from a high altitude, delivered to the ground in a minute, and the chances are to be made to hit the world below it is 100,000 to 1.

Announcements of the finding of specimens of the world's oldest civilization, that of the Indus Valley, have not yet been definitely established.

"In the next edition of our gallery guide, we will have the following picture: 'A woman of the Indus Valley, the Troops'—the 'Troops' meaning the visitors, "because of the sound movies."

A viewer who turns patient to the fact that Americans speak twice as much for each other for backs, and about the one explanation that comes readily to mind is that the country is composed of a clean

TALES WISE OR OTHERWISE**THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS**

By Adelle Kendall Mason

The years have been long since together there stood

In a doorway so old and gray, A sturdy, brave lad and a winsome, sweet maid,

Busy talking the long hours away.

Proudly he told of the work he would do When out in the world he should go;

He always would fight for the good and the true,

The wrong he would surely lay low.

He told of his home where she should preside

As the joy and light of his life—

For now you are only a sweetheart,

he said,

But then you'll be truly my wife,

Though the years may seem long yet swiftly they'll fly,

And soon back, though the world shall divide,

I will hasten to find the girl that I love And take her away as my bride,

With a gay laugh she made him a low, mocking bow

And her voice rang out full of glee;

You are brave, sir, in settling your fortunes in life,

Your assurance is pleasing to me.

Do you think that I've no ambition to

io

Some work in the world and its strife;

No hopes of the fame they say is so dear,

No wish to plan out my own life?

Perhaps I've had dreams of a laurel wreath

Resting lightly upon my brow,

Or a nurse's cap or a scholar's gown,

But my visions I'll not tell now.

And he's not plan, for you know at school

The teacher told us to day

That her life doesn't always prove what we plan,

When with youth we are young and gay,

Your assurance is pleasing to me.

Do you think that I've no ambition to

io

Some work in the world and its strife;

No hopes of the fame they say is so dear,

No wish to plan out my own life?

Perhaps I've had dreams of a laurel wreath

Resting lightly upon my brow,

Or a nurse's cap or a scholar's gown,

But my visions I'll not tell now.

And he's not plan, for you know at school

THE
OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75¢. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10¢ per line.

All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and are sold by W. E. Bowser, Bethel Stanley and Donald Brown, Bethel Lawrence Perry, West Bethel Wendell Roberts, Locke Mills Gordon, Chase, Bryant Pond Ellis Cummings, West Paris Chester McPherson, Hanover

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1929

A closeup photograph of the sun face of the moon, as printed in a recent issue, did not suggest green cheese. It seemed more like a pan of fudge.

Twenty-two loud speakers are to be installed in Cologne cathedral to enable the preachers to be heard in any part of the building.

In the city of York, England, there is more medieval church glass than anywhere else in Britain, and as much as in any continental town.

They Knew

The woman orator was raving and ranting to an audience of men.

"Women," she shrieked, "at all times have been the backbone of all nations. Who was the world's greatest hero? Helen of Troy! Who was the world's greatest martyr? Joan of Arc! Who was the world's greatest ruler? Who, I say, was the world's greatest ruler?"

And simultaneously that entire crowd of men arose and answered in one voice, "My wife!"—London Times.

Entitled to Distinction

It is known that the following Presidents were entitled through their ancestry to the use of the heraldic devices known as coats of arms: George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, Benjamin Harrison, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt.

A Start in Life

A wedding occurred lately in which there was much interest. Friends of the bride gave her many receptions and "showers" and these were appropriately mentioned in the newspapers. The bride had been prepared for years for market; sent away to school, given music lessons, and the like. In the wedding notice, the paper said the groom was a promising young business man, and the bride, womanly and beautiful. The young couple went to the home of the bride's parents to live. The groom hadn't a job or \$10 in money. Most of his savings turn out safely in E. W. Howe's Money.

Lost

"Where am I?" she said feebly, looking around in bewilderment. The group of people standing about seemed a mere mass of white frightened faces. She looked searchingly from one face to another, but never seemed to find the person she craved. Some closed their eyes as though expecting the worst.

"Where am I?" she whispered again uncertainly.

"Why, you're over here in this corner now! It's like I'd hardly know it was you! See, these bushy-leafed plants over are terrible!"—Knox City Star.

MICKIE SAYS

SHE HADN'T GOT OUR
PAPER CAUGHT TRAPPED
AT HER HOUSE EVERY TIME
OF COMING UP TO GET
THEY ALL WANT TO READ
IT FIRST

Toilers of Today Co-Workers With Employers in Industrial Production

By BENITO MUSSOLINI, Premier of Italy.

Under the Fascist system employers are co-workers with the producers, whose scale of living should be raised materially and morally, according to favorable moments and possibilities.

In time of a crisis the workmen must accept a wage reduction, but once the crisis is overcome it is to the interest of the employer to augment wages, restoring balance in the situation.

Henry Ford's policy of high salaries is impossible in Italy, for many obvious reasons, and a policy of low salaries is just as inadvisable—the latter by reducing the buying power of vast masses ends by damaging industry itself.

It is to be forecast that peace will not be disturbed by the great Western nations, which are those giving directives to world civilization. After political peace will come social peace.

We are witnessing the eclipse of class struggles. After the last strike of the British miners Europe's laboring classes entered into periods of stasis.

BETHEL IN 1928

(Continued from page 1)

Sept. 30, Nash sedan with five passengers overturned opposite Adrian Grover's near West Bethel. No injuries.

Oct. 1, Eli Leland Mason of North-West Bethel, the oldest citizen of the town, died.

Oct. 2, A Hodgeon express truck collided with a Studebaker sedan driven by Wade Thurston at South Bethel. The truck was badly damaged and Mr. Thurston's car nearly demolished. Mr. Thurston received numerous scratches.

Oct. 2, Arthur Ladd committed suicide at Rumford Point.

Oct. 3, Mrs. Sadie Vashaw of Berlin, former Bethel woman, seriously injured in auto accident at Shelburne.

Oct. 11, Work started on remainder of federal road between Bethel and Glendale.

Oct. 11, W. J. Upson has sold his interest in Bethel Inn to William Bingham, 2d.

Oct. 11, Josiah Adelmar Brown passed away at his home in Northwest Bethel.

Oct. 17, Mrs. Sadie Vashaw died at the St. Louis hospital, Berlin, as a result of injuries sustained.

Oct. 18, Maple Inn is closed for a week.

Oct. 18, A pole near Herman Mason's corner, carrying electric light and telephone wires, was broken off last Thursday night by "hit and run" driver.

Oct. 27, Comrades of the Way convention held at Congregational Church.

Nov. 1, The brook crossing Main Street at Nalmy's has broken loose again.

Nov. 1, The Locke Mills line of the Bethel Local Tel. & Tel. Co. is being rebuilt.

Nov. 8, Marshall Hastings' hay and storage barn on Parades Street was burned last Thursday night.

Nov. 8, C. C. Bryant's car stolen on Oct. 20 was found in the woods at Inwood, Vt., stripped of everything removable.

Nov. 8, Chautauqua held at Bethel.

Nov. 9, Mrs. F. E. Donahue, proprietor of Maple Inn, died.

Nov. 13, Oxford Pocaha met with barrel Grange. Record crowd reported.

Nov. 15, Aldona Brooks died at home on Philbrook Avenue after a heart attack of about one hour's duration.

Nov. 20, Alice G. Mason passed away after a long illness.

Nov. 27, Don 1st Night at Gould Academy.

Dec. 6, Roy Moore is selling out his line of grain and feed and has accepted a position as manager of the local branch of the American Milling Co.

Dec. 6, A. H. Gidds has bought the Tres Homestead at the head of Head Street and will begin removing from the present location soon.

Dec. 6, Jason Horne of Dixfield suddenly started at the Stowell mill.

Dec. 10, Snow storm made some roads almost impassable. Town tractor broken down.

Dec. 12, Walker's mill at North Norway destroyed by fire.

Dec. 12, Local club organized at Bethel.

Dec. 14, Barn at Skillingston owned by A. C. Adams was burned. House not known.

Dec. 15, Airplane being built at Bowditch's Garage by Carmen and Angelo in town of Salem, Mass.

Dec. 20, State engineer surveying Bear River, Chapman Brooks and Mrs. Brooks bridge in order to estimate cost of building new bridges at these places.

Dec. 21, Coldest day of the season with thermometer registering about 10 below.

Dec. 23, Poley's dog team and two men en route to Montreal.

Dec. 23, William T. Chapman is to be joined with Boston Post gold headed case. Mr. Chapman is 87 years of age.

Dec. 23, Former citizen P. Kimball farm buildings were owned by H. A. Folsom, trustee.

No greater insult was ever offered to

than the proposal that the truth needs legal support.

Asturias, also, cover a multitude of sins.

Asler: A place which there are no more seats left on.

Time was when a girl who had nothing to wear was out of style.

Science added six years to our lives and then gave us the auto and the plane.

About the only time a nickel is any good any more is during a taxicab war.

Popular songs are being written now that haven't been written for a hundred years.

Three-quarters of the liver complaint today is about it costing 75 cents a pound.

A man who is clever enough to be boss at home is also wise enough not to brag about it.

Every time we count ten before speaking we forget what it was we were going to say.

Smile: As obscure as some of the "famous authors" who come out en masse for a candidate.

How wonderful, to have 12 trunks of nice things for the customs men to paw through!

About the only lot left, in the detective mystery story line, is to have the author the criminal.

The way to drive lizards off of tongues would be to restrain the latter with the old-time horse hair.

The great orator's only explanation, the morning after, was that the radio must have misquoted him.

That slight rumbling in the early morning may be a truck passing by with the hero's fan mail.

So live that your biographer can dispose of several fascinating myths about you and still have a hero.

Schools have again commenced after a two weeks vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kimball of Boston spent the Christmas holidays at their homes here. Mrs. Kimball remains with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Holt, as Mr. Holt is very poorly.

Edgar Coolidge is home from Cedar Brook, ill with a bad cold.

Cedric Russell of Rumford has been spending a week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Farwell.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

School began Monday after a week's vacation.

Mrs. Floyd Coolidge and son Elton and Marlon Skillings spent Thursday with Mrs. Edgar Coolidge at East Bethel.

Clyde Whitman is still substituting on the mail route for C. E. Valentine. Lee Mason is spending the winter with his cousin, Mrs. Helen Perkins, and family.

A religion that has to be subsidized by the state with legal sanctions in order to exist, deserves to perish.

A religion that cannot advance on the purity of its own virtues is not worth preserving.

E. L. WATKINS CO.

BRYANT POND

Schools reopened Monday morning after a week's vacation.

Miss Adelaida Emery of West Paris and Hazen Emery of Portland were holiday guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Emery.

Miss Christine Willard of Bangor was a holiday guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Willard.

Miss Ruth Forbes is home from Gorham Normal School.

George Forbes, Jr., who has been very ill in a Connecticut hospital, has returned to his home here.

Mrs. Helen Farcar of Somerville, Mass., spent several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry B. Farcar.

Miss Ruby Willard recently visited in a Connecticut hospital, has returned to his home here.

Miss Helen Farcar of Somerville, Mass., spent several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry B. Farcar.

Milford Brown was a caller at A. B. Kimball's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown have moved into Ed Good's house for the winter.

The farmers around here are busy harvesting their ice.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Walker and two children were guests at Charles Gorham's Sunday.

Milford Brown was a caller at A. B. Kimball's Sunday.

The Churchill brothers, Harry, Forrest and Arthur, received word Sunday that their sister, Mrs. Ford Sylvester of Westerville, had passed away. They attended the funeral Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Kimball and sons, Floyd and Albert, were callers at the Haugood farm, Sunday.

Odis Dudley has been spending his Christmas vacation at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglass and little daughter were guests last week of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Farman.

Royden Billings has returned to Farmington Normal School.

H. O. Noyes, a teacher at Plattsburgh, N. Y., is ill at his home here.

Mrs. James Billings has been taken to a Leviston hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Edward Thompson will go to Boston where she will remain with her daughter.

Miss Mary Bartlett of New Jersey is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ring of Lockwood Mills took supper Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Omar Brown and family.

Mrs. Lena Cummings and family have moved here recently from Auburn. Miss Esther Littlefield recently visited her mother, Mrs. Frank Cummings.

Leon Ames of Massachusetts was a holiday guest of his parents.

E. L. WATKINS CO.

CLEANERS

Portland, Maine

Agency at

ROWE'S, BETHEL

ELECTROL

What Does It Mean

The oil heating system

that has economy of operation

and service behind it.

H. Alton Bacon

Bryant's Pond, Maine

For Particulars and Price

AVOL

Thousands of prescriptions for this A-Vol stop pain in headaches, nervousness, dental pain, rheumatism, druggists last year, over 20,000 prescriptions.

A-Vol now comes in handy tubes of 12 tablets, 25c, 30 tablets 50c, individual size \$1.00 at any pre-

scriptor, druggist or on receipt of price from A-Vol Co., Holton, Kas.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.

Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

The most meticulous young man

tightly—the one who puts on a hunting jacket to look for studs—recently bought a swimming suit to play pool.

We are glad to learn that Mussolini has announced a "new vigorous policy." His soft, easy-going ways have been causing us a lot of worry.

Fairy Story: Once upon a time there was a man who arrived home with his arms full of 20 bundles and every bundle in the family rushed to open the front door.

There was nothing more to be said.

The absent-minded fellow sat down and wrote his usual strong letter to a tobacco company last night, after filling a wad of tobacco into his pipe and lighting the same.

The George printer who faints when informed that he had inherited \$20,000 probably will wish they had left him unconscious until the inheritance tax was deducted.

The portion of the postage that went to the management of the Graf Zeppelin for carrying the mail back to Europe amounted to a little more than \$75,000. This ought to buy a lot of gasoline.

WATERFORD

Miss Mary Rounds, who teaches in Milton, Mass., has been spending the holidays with her mother.

Eloise Millett, who teaches in Quincy, Mass., has been at home at Highland Farm for the holidays.

Catherine Stone, who teaches in New Jersey, has been spending the vacation with her mother at Stone House.

Louis Stone, a student at Farmington Normal School, was at home for the Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Townsend of New London, Conn., have been visiting his parents at the parsonage for a few days. Mr. Townsend is the head of the Science Department of Chapman Technical School in New London.

The best evidence that a man is in need of religion is when he attempts to force his creed upon others.

SPECIALS

BROOM Sale. Finast 69c. Standard 45c

Double Tipped Matches, 6 pkgs 20c

Macaroni or Spaghetti, Finast, 4 pkg 29c

Black Iron Stove Polish, 2 bts. 29c

Baker's Cocoa-nut, 2 sm. pkgs 23c

Extra Wine Biscuits, 1b. 21c

Asparagus Tips, can 27c

La Touraine Coffee, 1b. pkg. 53c

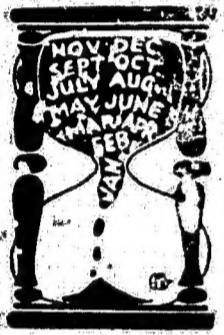
Prunes, Pansy Brand, 2 lb. pkg. 18c

Finast Ginger Ale, pale dry, ctn. 12, 99c

FIRST NATIONAL STORES, Inc.

Where New England Buys Its Food

N. H. Hall, Mgr.



Don't Let the Months Slip By!

Start a Savings Account NOW.

Make a New Year's Resolution to save systematically. One dollar starts you off.

Saving is a habit that no one ever regrets. It guards against distress in times of need. It gives one something to "fall back on."

We welcome you to our bank.

Bethel Savings Bank
Bethel, Maine

OUR FIRST SPECIAL FOR 1929

It is our custom to have special sales at the beginning of the year.

Beginning Jan. 4th, We Offer the Following.

50c STATIONERY. This comes in colors as well as white. 39c to close out the lot.

OUTING CLOTH NIGHT DRESSES. 1.00 and 1.25 quality.

COSTUME SLIPS, white and colored. 89c

COTTON JERSEY BLOOMERS, former price, 59c, now 45c

SILK AND WOOL HOSE, formerly 1.00, now 89c

SMALL LOT OF JERSEY DRESSES to be sold at less than cost. These are in small sizes only.

We have a few FELT HATS which we shall close out for 98c

All our STAMPED GOOD Reduced.

Ladies' 15c Linen Handkerchiefs, now 10c

Broken sizes in Ladies' and Children's Slipper Soles, were 50c, now 25c

During the winter months our store will close at 8 o'clock Mon. and Sat. evenings

L. M. STEARNS

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

QUESTIONS

- What talking machine company has for its trade mark, a dog? What three word saying used in connection with this dog has become famous?
- How many games can you name that are played with balls?
- What is a person called who neither denies nor affirms the existence of God?
- What Biblical man was called the forerunner of Christ?
- How many days of 1928 had passed on November 23rd?
- What bugle call ended the war?
- In what country are the Alps located?
- What leaf is used as the emblem of Canada?
- Is strychnine of vegetable or mineral source? (2) Vaseline?
- In what country is Venice? (2) What famous type of boat is always associated with Venice?
- The larboard side of a ship is also called what side?
- The larger type and smaller type used on typewriters are termed what?

ANSWERS

- Carol, Once in Royal David's City, Christine and Celia Gardner Recitation, Welcome, Mary Marr Song, O Tell Me Gentle Shepherd, Boys of Mrs. Collins' class and Mr. Collins Recitation, A Trick on Santa, Albert Hamlin, Jr. Song, Jesus' Birthday, Boys of Mrs. Morse's Class Recitation, Johnny's Letter, Rachel Bice Song, Away in the Manger, James Tolson Carol, The First Noel the Angels Did Say, Four Girls of Mrs. Tyler's class Recitation, The Chimes, Ella Rice Carol, Holy Night! Peaceful Night, Virginia Tyler, Barbara Fillerbrown Solo, In the Lonely Midlight, Ethel M. Monroe Soon after the program Old Santa arrived coming down the chimney, much to the delight of the children, Santa, with his assistants, delivered many fine gifts to old and young. The trees were pretty, especially the stage setting with small trees lighted with the colored lights provided by Miss Gage. Charles Kimball had charge of getting the trees and Marlon Hamlin and helpers worked hard on the decorations which were very pretty.
- Leon York and Clinton Goodwin are cutting birch in Stoneham.
- W. W. Abbott returned from Portland on Wednesday. Mrs. Abbott is doing well as can be expected.
6. Tchernan.
7. William Barrett Travis.
8. Descendants of the ancient Belgians, now occupying southern Belgium.
9. In Bohemia.
10. White and purple shell beads, and called wampum.
11. The monetary unit of Japan, equivalent to about 50 cents in United States money.
12. The last king of Judah, son of Josiah, died in captivity in Babylon.

Unique Porters

The porters who carry your baggage from the trains to the taxis in Copenhagen work as a co-operative union with a small flat charge. They are the only porters known to return money when overpaid!

Origin of Nickname
"Nickname" probably came from the word "ekename," formerly used to mean an "additional name." The earliest writers used "ekename" in the fourteenth century, but from 1530 to the present day the word "nickname" has been used.

Richard Sanderson, who has been working in the woods since leaving the garages, is now working for Harry Havens. Mrs. Charles Nelson and Malcolm went to Boston on Saturday. They motored Portland with Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard.

It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell received a very fine Christ-

mas gift, a new radio which Clayton Pike installed on Monday evening before Christmas. This will pass many an hour for Mrs. Bell, who is confined to a wheelchair.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Sanderson in Harrison are both in bed with a bad attack of the grippe. Mr. Sanderson returning home from a week's visit to Maine, chills on Christmas Eve, was taken ill on the train. Mrs. Sanderson took her bed on Thursday. Mrs. W. H. Hamlin has been down with grippe for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Langdon, mother and brother, Mr. A. M. Adams and Walter Adams of Northbridge, and sister, Mrs. E. M. Langdon, are

again after her recent illness. Mrs. Orr Verrill has been helping her.

Granite Club, 11 E. 10th, held Christmas Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs. East Dunham.

The Hague, 11 E. 10th, the Uni-

versity Club, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie Foss is caring for Mrs.

John Drury, 11 E. 10th, and Chil-

dron's Night, December 25th. Games were played. Refreshments were served.

Miss Lettie F

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

KNOWING ALL SORTS

Sir Anthony Hope Hawks, whom middle-aged people at least will remember as the author of the once best seller, "The Prisoners of Zenda," has written a most interesting autobiography.

"Try to know all sorts of people," he gives as the philosophy of his life. It is good advice.

My friend, Morris, has recently called himself to a rotary club much to the surprise of many of his friends. Morris is the last man on earth whom one would expect to fall for that sort of thing. He is reserved almost to exclusiveness. He has no knowledge of business or business methods. His associates have almost always been academic men trained in the arts as himself. One cannot easily realize him hobnobbing with the village undertaker or exchanging yarns with the green grocer, but that's what he is doing these days.

"How did you ever break into so cosmopolitan a group?" I asked him one day when he was referring to his luncheon club acquaintances.

"I've never done anything in my life but go to school or associate with academic people. I've never had to worry about money. I've had no practical experience with business or business men. I wanted to get a little closer to the ordinary affairs of life and at least once a week come out of the clouds in which I am for the most of the time living. I like it."

There is a great education in knowing all sorts of people and in understanding them.

Matthews is a business man; he associates with business men only; he has no interest in anything but business and no sympathy with anyone who is not strictly business and no understanding of them. He has read little, played little, and traveled only in the pursuit and development of business. His son, strangely, is temperamental, idealistic, imaginative. He is a born poet who would rather read a book than eat his meals. He never considers where his money comes from or where it goes just so he doesn't starve and has time for the consideration of beautiful things. Father and son do not understand each other.

—*Associated Western Newspaper Union.*

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to members who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Ernest F. Blodget, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. B. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Boyer, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Harbes, Secretary.

M. T. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. G. O. Demeritt, N. G.; Arthur Brinck, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Old Fellow's Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Beatrix V. Brown, M. G.; Mrs. Gertrude Boyer, Secretary.

SUDSBURY LOIORE, No. 22, R. K. of F., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth McNamara, K. of F. and G.

MACOMMI TEMPLE, No. 65, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Dennis Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of R. C.

BROWN PORT, No. 81, G. A. R., meets at Old Fellow's Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Bean, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. H. F., No. 55, meets in Old Fellow's Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. John B. Cook, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNY LODGE, No. 41, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in the home of J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Tuck, Adjutant.

O. D. C. EDWARD CAMP, NO. 22, O. of V., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion home. L. A. George, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

JEWEL B. GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets at their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. L. W. Moore, M.; Eva M. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent Teachers' Association, meeting 2d Monday of each month at Gloucester School during school year. Mrs. W. E. Russell; Secretary Mrs. M. M. Williams.

WHAT WE THINK

By Frank Dixon

About the only girl now who is careful about the way she sits down is the one who took her first horse-back riding lesson the day before.

One idea of a miracle would be for a woman to learn to love her husband's relatives as much as she loves her own.

Our contention is that a sandwich shop or other establishment of a like nature should be in business at least a week before calling itself a Ye Olde anything.

The old fashioned woman who used to take you into the pantry to show you how many jars of preserves she had put up for the winter now enters

tains you with a display of the bridge prizes she gathered during the winter.

George M. Blatany, collector of wild animals, gives liquor to the wild gorilla, which makes the gorilla tame and friendly. And yet some humans want to fight and kill when intoxicated. Now, why is that? We have always maintained that such actions or behavior is due to early training, or lack of it. You don't suppose any kid gorilla overpassed its mother or made faces at it and got away with it?

A writer says that the dog fills an empty place in a man's life. And dog kennels fill many an empty place in the roadside scenery.

Two important volcanoes, Mt. Etna in Sicily and Krakatoa, between Java and Sumatra are active at the same time. If the eruptions continue, great damage may result. And people were wondering what the newspapers would find to print after election.

One of the differences between winter and summer is that the rumble seat only looks foolish in summer and in winter it is.

Our daily states that there are more than 500,000 domesticated ostriches in South Africa. There are more than that in the United States who are hiding their heads in the sand.

A writer says that the dog fills an empty place in a man's life. And dog kennels fill many an empty place in the roadside scenery.

A writer says that the dog fills an empty place in a man's life. And dog kennels fill many an empty place in the roadside scenery.

ONLY WAY TO HOLD A HUSBAND

By D. J. Walsh

"Take another hunk of gingerbread do," she urged. "There's plenty more where that came from. And now what's this about you and your wife quarreling and she leaving you?" She gave a low bubbling laugh. "Huh, didn't I sense that you wasn't hitting it off the minute you came into my place? Can't fool Hattie King."

"Why, the great big vamp," ejaculated Blanch. "She's leading him on."

But I strained my ears, while Peter uttered something away down in his throat.

"Well, you come to the right place, boy, you sure did!" Again that throat chuckle. "She means all right but she's young and she don't know men. Of course, you're crazy about her, but you don't give. And she can't cook."

"I'm starving to death," groaned Peter. He rose from the table and took out an old pipe. "Mind if I smoke? Of course, you don't. I ought to go back, but, by gosh, this is homelike. I'm a cad to tell you but I couldn't help it. You're so soft of understanding."

Blanch stood up. I could see at a glance that she had seen Peter reach and take Hattie King's big pudgy hand in his. But I whispered "wait," and she sat down.

"Now listen, boy," came in the big comfortable voice, "you're just a hungry kid, that's all that's all you. Have you told your wife what you told me? Well, you go straight home and read her the plot act. Tell her the truth; how you've been coming to my place not because you're a trifler, but because you're just plain hungry. Tell her if she wants that I should, I'll teach her how to cook real, satisfyin' dishes. And tell her from Hattie King that that's the only way to hold a husband."

I couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter couldn't stop Blanch now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanch at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

"That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

EASIER WAYS OF MARKETING

By KATHERINE G. CORNELL
Director of the Kelvinator Domestic Institute

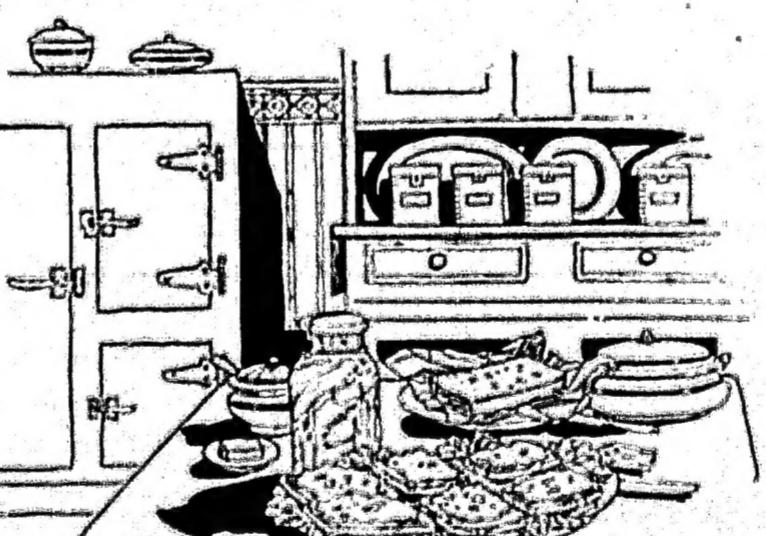
This improved method of buying is most satisfactory, for it means a considerable saving in the cost of these most important items of food, since it is possible to buy them at quantity prices. It means, too, a saving of the housewife's time and effort; which also is an important consideration. The time saved by marketing once or twice a week, in place of every day, as formerly, is not to be despised by any woman.

Menu Planning Easier

Quantity buying has the added advantage, too, of making menu planning not only a much easier and more economical proceeding, but a far more interesting one as well. Arranging the menus for several days in advance, when one has the contents of the faithful

electric refrigerator to select from, is really a most absorbing undertaking. With pencil and paper, the housewife takes careful note of her food supply and then, when the menus are prepared, they are posted near the refrigerator for later consultation. It all goes so smoothly that there is no last minute hustle or bustle, no wondering what to have, no wasted food or effort. Truly, the household which has installed an electric refrigerator of the proper kind has eliminated the word "drudgery" from its glossary of cooking terms.

It is a delightful matter to add some specially dainty little touch to the menu when one has electricity at one's beck and call—and the family may have a surprise dish to make it happy nearly every day.



fresh and sweet for a week; a packet of cream cheese, and one or two small jars of some more pungent variety—all these and other handy staples may be given a corner in that modern treasure chest to come forth cold and fine and ready to add a distinctive touch to the quickly made salad or sandwich or sweet.

Fish Newburg Recipe
Fish Newburg is one of the tastiest of hot dishes. To make it, use a can of tuna fish, crab meat and shrimp, or lobster, crab meat and salmon, or any combination of fish that you prefer. Open the cans and shake the fish in salt and a few small pieces. Make a white sauce a little richer than usual, and toss in the fish, simmer till hot, then add a dash of mace, and if you have it, two tablespoonsfuls of sherry flavor. Do not cook after the flavor has been added. Serve hot or cold in patty shells. Lemon juice may be substituted for the sherry flavor, adding just a tablespoonful of it after removing the fish from the fire.

And would you believe it when this Hattie King parted the curtain to take our order, who should be sitting before a little round table set for two, but Peter! Blanch saw him and half-started off but I stepped on her foot under the table. Hattie King brought us our coffee and gingerbread and then she went back and we heard them talking. Peter's voice was low, but Hattie King's was loud enough for us to hear if we listened. It was a vocal voice, deep and rich and mouthy.

To Evacuate Old City

Sybaris, ancient Greek town of south Italy, which has provided all European languages with a word expressive of luxurious luxury

WHAT IT COSTS TO GOVERN US

By PROF. M. H. HUNTER
Dept. of Economics, Univ. of Illinois

Those Who Do Not Feel the Taxes

ARE taxes felt only by those who pay them? It is frequently thought that those who have such a small amount of property or such a small income as not to be subject to taxation escape the burden of being burdened by taxes. Frequently it is contended that only taxpayers should be allowed to vote when expenditure of funds is involved, since it is they who have to foot the bills in taxes.

Those who pay taxes certainly feel them in a definite, tangible way, for they are forced upon them with apparently nothing given in return. But do not others, in the end, help to recuperate those who make the direct payment?

A man may possess no real estate, but few there are who do not live in a house or part of a house, for which they must pay rent. The owner of the house, apartment, or hotel must pay taxes upon it since it is a part of his property. To him the tax is a part of his cost and he would not have been willing to have spent his money in the construction of the building unless the rent were enough more than the tax to net him a fair return. The man who pays rent on a building is helping to pay the owner's tax.

Some people who own no property buy cigars and cigarettes. The manufacturers have been required to buy stamps and place them upon the packages. It is undoubtedly true that the price of cigars and cigarettes is higher because of this tax, and he who buys them is helping the manufacturer pay his tax.

When one numbers those who buy groceries, meats, clothing, and the many other things which satisfy our daily wants, the great mass of the people is accounted for. Whether known to themselves, the ladies may be interested in his admonishments:

"Be ever cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman with good parts and a cultivated understanding.

"A man with real genius and candor is far superior to this meanness. But such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to show the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess."

—Detroit News.

One of the distinct tendencies of the times is that we are getting more business in education and more education in business, says the Thrift Magazine. We are finding that the gulf between the academic and the practical is not so wide as it once was. It is noteworthy that big business is looking more and more to educators for help in the solution of their problems, particularly those of personnel. Through the natural processes of efficiency those who have trained minds or who have initiative, judgment and executive ability are working their way to the top.

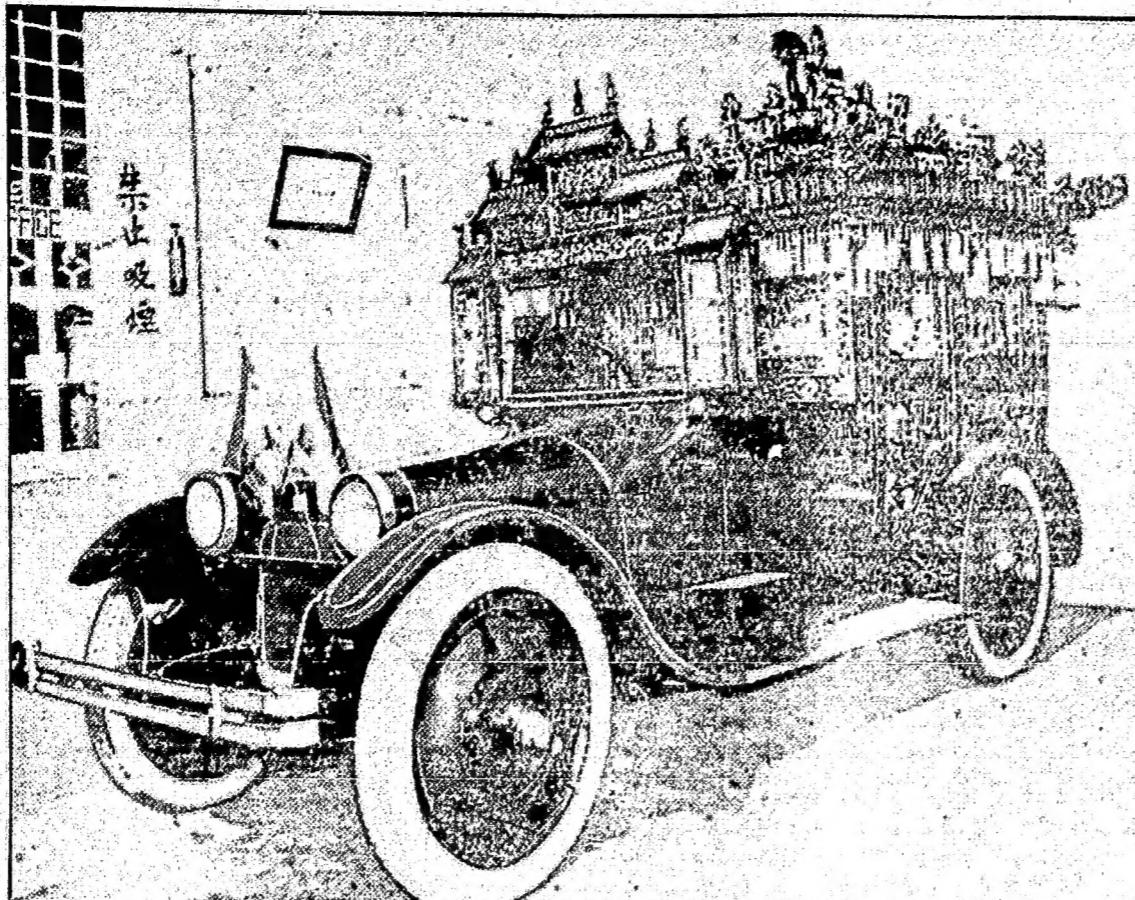
It is intriguing to reflect what must have been the language of Hear Admiral Moffett when the crew of the Graf Zeppelin unloosed on him the water ballast that had been sloshing around the keel of the dirigible during its ocean flight. One does not recall that when Joe Lightell eliminated rum from the wardroom of the navy, he also expunged the speech of the sailorman; and it is a safe bet that no mute skinner would have anything on an admiral who happened to be doused with a bucketful of bilge.

A man in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., has invested \$100 to promote and improve the educational facilities of Princeton University; half the interest is to be disbursed to the university annually and the principal with the accumulated interest to be turned over to it in 2028. There's a man who, if nothing happens to the investment in the course of the next thousand years, will have perpetuated his memory for a longer period than the names of most of the great endeavours.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© 1929 DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Wedding March—1928



On a Buick chassis is mounted this flower-decked sedan of a Chinese bride, ready for the procession that will carry her to her new home. Motor cars rapidly are replacing the poles upon which coolies have borne the bride's sedan.

Display of Learning

Unseemly for Women?

Dr. John Gregory, a Scotch physician and a master student of human nature, left a bit of shrewd and sophisticated writing in "A Father's Legacy to His Daughters," which he published in 1907. For reasons best known to themselves, the ladies may be interested in his admonishments:

"Be ever cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman with good parts and a cultivated understanding.

"A man with real genius and candor is far superior to this meanness.

But such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to show the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess."

—Detroit News.

Novelist's Hard Luck

Didn't Escape Notice

Novelist Upton Sinclair said at a New York reception:

"We novelists should never frequent high society. We are out of place there, and all kinds of awkward accidents happen to us."

"A young American novelist was invited to dine with the duchess of Marlborough. He wore at the dinner one of those made-up ties that fasten to the collar with a rubber loop, and the meal had hardly begun when this rubber loop worked loose and the novelist's tie dropped into his soup."

"He fished it out with thumb and finger and laid it beside his plate. Then he began to debate with himself whether or not he should wipe it dry and put it on again. One thing was fortunate, anyhow—nobody seemed to have noticed his trouble."

"In the midst of his debate the butler bent over him, pointed his finger at the tie and said in a loud voice:

"Have you quite done with this sir?"—Detroit Free Press.

The young author at first grows as fast as a kid—then—or 100 per cent.

DO YOU KNOW

The average of each continent is about one-half the size of a human year.

A man in the Americas is first born. A man in Asia should be first. May Webster has been written in 1710.

Treatment of Cancer

In view of what the radium experts demonstrated (at the International Cancer conference) a surgical operation for several of the most frequent and rapidly fatal forms of cancer must be definitely ranked as a deplorable second best, justified only when radium is unobtainable.

We definitely see the beginning of the end of the long dominance over this subject exerted by the surgeons, says the London Spectator. And, in the realm of urgent practice, and the relief of present sufferers and their immediate successors, the next step is to find, to purchase, and to distribute enough radium, now somewhere or other in the rocks of our globe, to be available wherever cancer is treated.

Similar: As phoney as the nicknames under the photos in a high school annual.

Passenger rates on a dirigible make a ten-cent carfare scarcely worth thinking about.

The five-cent cigar wasn't much in evidence this year either as an inducement or an issue.

"A clean furnace burns less coal" And likewise a clean conscience consumes less energy.

Among the several efforts to be bigger and better that fail is vanishing a corncock pipe.

Hoover tells us that we have now the greatest per capita wealth in the world. Try and get it!

They don't have to find a new and valuable vitamin in pectoral, it being expensive enough.

The Zeppelin is described as "a silver fish." Fish culture becomes bigger sport than fish eating.

Books are those nothing, printed things that Junior needs \$20 for, two days after finding his at a garage.

They asked the editor of the party which he had his, a graduate or a saxophone, and he said "Zebra."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely owned by the post-see relatives of American executives. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were, too.

There was the noon meal of cold chicken soup. This has been omitted entirely. Then there was an other who ate the radio from the sand last of sand.

One of the greatest problems of life in America today, one cause of life, is the absence of people from the world when dealing with human hygiene.

"Say Jim, what are the studies you have had in school?"

"Bingo," writes "satiric and graphic."

Peculiarity of Mankind

Human nature often manifests itself in ways that puzzle the scientists dealing primarily with material rather than mental research, according to chemists in the laboratories of the United States Department of Agriculture. As an example, one points out the history of efforts that led up to passage of the federal food and drugs act. At a comparatively early date the chemists advocated and secured passage of laws requiring manufacturers of fertilizers to state accurately the constituents of the products they marketed. They next worked for the passage of similar laws controlling the purity of cattle feeds, and then finally of human foods. "Strange as it may seem," the chemist observes, "the control of the quality of the products used by man himself is always the last and most difficult to secure."

Converted by Airplane

An intelligent Atelean was greatly shaken in his belief in Islam through recently seeing several airplanes visiting Zaria and the interior of his country. The sight of them convinced this man that the Moslem belief was indeed false, since amongst other things it teaches the solidity of the clouds above. This caused a thorough disturbance in the spectator's mind, and there is good reason to believe he will soon be turned in heart to him who, though dwelling on high, yet desires to abide in every lowly bower who yields to his love.—Montreal Star.

Reginald Roberts spent the week end with relatives at Greenwood.

Irving Mason of the University of Maine was a recent guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mason.

Mrs. Merle Luray is very ill at this writing.

Levy Martin, who lives a few miles from this village, recently had the great fortune to secure a Great Horned Owl. This species of the owl family is very rare in this section of the country. Mr. Martin had the bird mounted Nash of Maine, who did the work, produced a very life-like specimen.

For Bread and Butter

Herewith the whole of an offertory letter written after the lapse of a week by a boy in camp who, the old folks feared, might be suffering from homesickness:

"Dear Dad: This is one of the rest periods when you are supposed to rest and write letters home. This is one of the letters. I would probably not have written so soon, but to get into the dining room tonight I have to have written a letter home. It is about dinner time, now, so must close. Your son 13."

Something of a Contrast

In contrast with the service maintained by the air mail from coast to coast, we find that on July 15, 1921, the first mail coach reached Kansas from San Francisco after a trip of seventeen days.

Virtue in Benevolence

How easy it is for one benevolent nature to offend another around him, and how ready in a kind heart a hand is to a good and willing every one to the vicinity to scatter into the world.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mundt have received a crate of fruit from their son, Ernest, who is in Florida.

Charles Lyon has caught two large bobcats in his traps recently.

James Mundt is visiting friends in Gorham, Maine.

Miss Gwendolyn Stearns of Bridgewater, Mass., has been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Stearns.

Mrs. Bertha Mundt returned to Gorham Normal School, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. L. Whitman spent Christmas in the family of her son, Clyde Whitman.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garber were Christmas guests in the neighborhood.

Karl and Gwendolyn Stearns were in Mechanics Falls Thursday of last week.

Mrs. E. C. Mills spent Christmas day with her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Whitman.

True Brown has bought a herd of cattle and will spend the winter on his farm here.

Eli Grover is cutting wood for Harry Lyon.

Frank Abbott was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Abbott Christmas.

Mr. Business Man

WHY not make your appeal for patronage through the columns of this newspaper? With every issue it carries its message into the homes of all the best people of this community. Don't blame the people for flocking to the store of your competitor. Tell them what you have to sell and if your prices are right you can get the business.

Morning

Action of the Bowels

The commonest ailment of the American people, and the one that causes the most serious sickness is constipation. While many remedies are recommended, you may be absolutely sure that this old, old and remedy, "L. P." Atwood's Medicine, taken in small doses, and continued for several weeks, will correct this slow bowel action, 60s and 10s everywhere.

L. F. Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

Watch this Space for Dates.



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished
by
E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist
over Rowe's Store

I will be in Bethel

Saturday, January 19th.

Heating and Plumbing

All Work Promptly Cared For
by a Competent Plumber

All Work Guaranteed

Supplies of All Kinds on Hand

H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine

It is a good time this winter to have your car overhauled at

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.

Park Street

So. Paris, Maine

WANTED

Green unpeeled Spruce and Fir pulpwood loaded on car Bethel and nearby stations this winter. Write for prices.

PENLEY BROS. COMPANY
West Paris, Maine

DO YOU KNOW

The average of each continent is about one-half the size of a human year.

A man in the Americas is first born.

A man in Asia should be first. May Webster has been written in 1710.

The young author at first grows as fast as a kid—then—or 100 per cent.

Similar: As phoney as the nicknames under the photos in a high school annual.

Passenger rates on a dirigible make a ten-cent carfare scarcely worth thinking about.

The five-cent cigar wasn't much in evidence this year either as an inducement or an issue.

"A clean furnace burns less coal" And likewise a clean conscience consumes less energy.

Among the several efforts to be bigger and better that fail is vanishing a corncock pipe.

Hoover tells us that we have now the greatest per capita wealth in the world. Try and get it!

They don't have to find a new and valuable vitamin in pectoral, it being expensive enough.

The Zeppelin is described as "a silver fish." Fish culture becomes bigger sport than fish eating.

Books are those nothing, printed things that Junior needs \$20 for, two days after finding his at a garage.

They asked the editor of the party which he had his, a graduate or a saxophone, and he said "Zebra."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely owned by the post-see relatives of American executives. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were, too.

There was the noon meal of cold chicken soup. This has been omitted entirely. Then there was an other who ate the radio from the sand last of sand.

One of the greatest problems of life in America today, one cause of life, is the absence of people from the world when dealing with human hygiene.

"Say Jim, what are the studies you have had in school?"

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

KNOWING ALL SORTS

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, whom gallantized people at least will remember as the author of the once best seller, "The Prisoner of Zenda," has written a most interesting autobiography. "Try to know all sorts of people," he gives as the philosophy of his life. It is good advice.

My friend, Moreau, has recently called himself to a rotary club much to the surprise of many of his friends. Moreau is the last man on earth whom one would expect to fall for that sort of thing. He is reserved almost to exclusiveness. He has no knowledge of business or business methods. His associates have almost always been academic men trained in the arts as himself is. One cannot easily realize him hobnobbing with the village undertaker or exchanging yarns with the green grocer, but that's what he is doing these days.

"How did you ever break into so cosmopolitan a group?" I asked him one day when he was referring to his luncheon club acquaintances.

The never done anything in my life but go to school or associate with academic people. I've never worked with my hands. I've never had to worry about money. I've had no practical experience with business or business men. I wanted to get a little closer to the ordinary affairs of life and at least once a week come out of the clouds in which I am for the most of the time living. I like it.

There is a great education in knowing all sorts of people and in understanding them.

Matthews is a business man; he associates with business men only; he has no interest in anything but business and no sympathy with anyone who is not strictly business and no understanding of them. He has read little, played little, and traveled only in the pursuit and development of business. His son, strangely, is temperamental, idealistic, imaginative. He is a born poet who would rather read a book than eat his meals. He never considers where his money comes from or where it goes just so he doesn't starve and has time for the consideration of beautiful things. Father and son do not understand each other.

© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to managers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Ernest F. Blasie, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Boyer, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Herbes, Secretary.

MY. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. G. O. Demeritt, N. G.; Arthur Hinck, Secretary.

SUNSET BEDEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Old Fellow's Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Beatrice V. Brown, M. G.; Mrs. Gertrude Boyer, Secretary.

BUDBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth McNamee, K. of P., Secretary.

MACOMBE TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTER, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Jeanne Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Old Fellow's Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Bean, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Hartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 50, meets in Old Fellow's Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Louis Inman, President; Mrs. L. C. Hurlbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDY POST, No. 31, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles T.ell, Adjutant.

THE G. P. CHUBBUCK CAMP, No. 22, G. of V., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. L. A. George, Commander; Paul L. Brown, Adjutant.

BETHEL ORANGE, No. 26, P. of H., meets in City Hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. L. W. Hurler, M.; Eva M. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent Teachers' Association, meets the first Monday of each month at Elementary School during school year. Mrs. F. N. Russell; Secretary Mrs. R. M. Tibbetts.

WHAT WE THINK

By Frank Dixon

About the only girl now who is careful about the way she sits down is the one who took her first horse-back riding lesson the day before.

Our idea of a miracle would be for a woman to learn to love her husband's relatives as much as she loves her own.

Our contention is that a sandwich shop or other establishment of like nature should be in business at least week before calling itself a Yo Olde anything.

The old fashioned woman who used to take you into the pantry to show you how many jars of preserves she had put up for the winter now enters

tains you with a display of the bridge prizes she gathered during the winter.

George M. Blatany, collector of wild animals, gives liquor to the wild gorilla, which makes the gorilla tame and friendly. And yet some humans want to fight and kill when intoxicated. Now, why is that? We have always maintained that such actions or behavior is due to early training, or lack of it. You don't suppose any kid gorilla ever "sassed" its mother or made faces at it dad and got away with it?

A writer says that the dog fills an empty place in a man's life. And hot dog kennels fill many an empty place in the roadside scenery.

Two important volcanoes, Mt. Etna in Sicily and Krahato, between Java and Sumatra, are active at the same time. If the eruptions continue, great damage may result. And people were wondering what the newspapers would find to print after election.

ONLY WAY TO HOLD A HUSBAND

(By D. J. Walsh)

IF THERE ever were two people maimed by environment, it was Blanche and Peter. Blanche is my niece and her and her husband a chocolate eclair upbringing. Peter came from pioneer stock—hardy folks who recalled living during the grasshopper invasion, on corn bread and "ginger heel." He had been raised on powdered, noodles, boiled dinners and pie. So when Blanche gave him heavenly hash, and pond-lily salads, poor Peter almost starved, and Blanche scraped most of her expensive viands into the garbage pail. She threw out every meal to keep Henry and me for a week.

Still, I didn't feel to horn in till one morning when Blanche came over looking like a gravestone.

"I'm leaving Peter," she said.

"Who's the Janie?" I asked calmly.

"Oh, it isn't that, Aunt Jen. Last night was Peter's birthday and I had a lovely dinner. He didn't come home even. Phoned he had to stay down on business. And my dinner gone to waste."

"What did you have?" I demanded.

"Oh, caviare and a tulip salad."

"Any gravy?"

"Gravy? Why, no. Eclairs and gingerbread."

"Angel food," she said stiffly, "and strawberries."

"At a dollar a box," I snorted.

"That isn't all," she went on tragically. "This morning I happened to pass a restaurant—a common, greasy place. And there sat Peter with his legs wrapped around a stool, eating pie!"

"Many a man," I said tartly, "has eaten pie and lived to tell the tale."

"Common pie," ignored Blanche.

"Doesn't like my cooking?"

"What did you have for breakfast?"

"Oh, what's the difference? I guess we had corn flakes with fruit. And—oh, yes, I forgot to order coffee."

"I see. Expect a man to work all morning on a dish of fiddler. Why don't you go home and cook him a real meal once? Apple dumplings, pork chops, turnips—"

"I'm not in the habit of living on prison fare," she wailed.

"No man can live on whipped cream and sawdust," I said firmly. "Peter is one man in a thousand. He has to eat down town to keep body and soul together. It's a wonder you keep up on Peter's salary."

"We can't," she interrupted. "We had a scene this morning. Peter says we're living beyond our means. That we're not saving a cent. But I can't keep the bills down. Aunt Jen, I believe they cheat me. I order over the phone. My grocery bill is about twenty weeks."

"Henry would sue me for divorce," I ejaculated.

"Peter says I've got to run the house on a hundred. He told me I could have what I saved out of it for a nestegg. But I can't save a cent. And if Peter's going to crab about money I'm going home, so there!"

She burst into fresh weeping. Blanche adored the ground he walked on.

"Blanche," said I, taking the bull by the horns, firmly. "Helen of Troy couldn't have held a husband with chocolate eclairs. It's as true as the fact that all men are at heart Mormons; that the way to their heart is through their stomachs. Now I'll wager that Peter isn't staying downtown tonight on business. He's just getting a square meal somewhere, maybe with some vamp."

Blanche looked at me coldly.

"Peter isn't the kind to take his stenographer out to meals," she said, drawing herself up. "He hasn't gone that far—"

"If he hasn't he will," I told her grimly. "Men are all alike. Suppose we play detective and find out. Not that Peter wants to be unfathomed but—well—you've got to feed a man. That's a biological fact. And when you don't, why, they just naturally gravitate toward the forbidden cookie jar."

"I wonder if you're right," murmured Blanche wistfully. Suddenly, she ran to the closet and flung on a hat. "Come on," she said to me tensely. "He's always talking about Hattie King's restaurant. If you're sure about your theory we'll just go down and see if she's there."

"Put on an old raincoat," I directed. "And an old hat. We don't want him to recognize us. We'll just drift in and ask for a sandwich and coffee and then we'll see what we can see."

So we set out. I will admit that Hattie King's restaurant looked in vogue on that cold, drizzling afternoon. It was homey and cheerful looking, and the windows had watermarked pink check gingham curtains. There was a delicious smell of hot ginger bread in the air that reminded me of mother's kitchen when I was a tiny girl. We sat down at a fresh table next to a curtain that cut off the rear.

And would you believe it, when this Hattie King passed the cut-off to take our order, who should be sitting before a little round table set for two but Peter! Blanche saw him and half-started up but I stopped on her foot under the table. Hattie King brought us our coffee and gingerbread and then she went back, and we took off those masks. Peter's stare was low but Hattie King's was high enough for us to see if we lived. It was a most comfortable, deep, and round mouth.

"Take another hunk of gingerbread—do," she urged. "There's plenty more where that came from. And now what's this about you and your wife quarreling and she leaving you?" She gave a low bubbling laugh. "Huh, didn't I sense that you wasn't hitting it off the minute you came into my place? Can't fool Hattie King."

"Why, the great big vamp," ejaculated Blanche. "She's leading him on!"

But I strained my ears while Peter uttered something away down in his throat.

"Well, you come to the right place. Boy, you sure did!" Again that throaty chuckle. "She means all right, she's young and she don't know men. Of course, your crazy about her, but you don't give. And she can't cook—"

"I'm starving to death," groaned Peter. He rose from the table and took out an old pipe. "Mind if I smoke? Of course, you don't I ought to go back but, by goshes, this is home life. I'm a cad to tell you but I couldn't help it. You're so-so sort of understanding."

Blanche stood up. I could see at a glance that she had seen Peter reach and take Hattie King's big pudgy hand in his. But I whispered "wait," and she sat down.

"Now, listen, boy," came in the big comfortable voice, "you're just a human kid, that's all that you are. Have you told your wife what you told me? Well, you go straight home and read her the riot act. Tell her the truth; how you've been coming to my place not because you're a trifler, but because you're just plain hungry. Tell her if she wants that I should tell her how to cook real, satisfyin' dishes. And tell her from Hattie King that that's the only way to hold a husband."

I couldn't stop Blanche now. She was shouting right for the front door. I left the money on the check and followed her, looking back to see Hattie King removing our dishes. I couldn't keep up with Blanche at all. And she didn't say one word. But I saw when we passed the street lights that she was crying.

That was a year ago. I was over just last evening. Peter was purring like a tomcat, stretched out on the mohair divan, with his feet on the cushions. I smelled cabbage. There was the remains of a pot roast on the table, and I caught a glimpse of a pan in the oven partly filled with gingerbread.

"Hello, Aunt Jen," said Peter, swelling up like a poisoned toad. "Help yourself to a piece of my wife's gingerbread. If you don't find it the lamb's lettuce."

"Peter," demurred Blanche, with a little blush. And talk about affinities! You should have seen the look that passed between them. It all goes to show my contention that any wife has it all over a vamp if she's sensible enough to show her hand.

Map Enables Blind to Travel in Safety

It is reported from the British capital that the most remarkable map of London yet conceived is now contemplated for the use of the blind. It is a map that will convert to the blind, through the sensitive tips of their fingers, the true mental impression of the position of the main thoroughfares, the principal places of interest along those thoroughfares, and the means of access to them. This map will be "drawn" in relief and will consist of a combination of dots and dashes, a medium that has already provided for the sightless what had before been denied to them.

Already the blind of London are in possession of the complete series of plans of London's underground railways that are available for public use. They are able, by the aid of 11 embossed charts, to learn in detail the routes of each tube system, the Metropolitan and the district railways, and can follow without any possibility of error the complete inner circle or the whole network of underground services. There are even diagrams demonstrating the construction of the tubes, and the fact, not always realized by normally sighted passengers, that a tube station is itself a tunnel of much greater diameter than that provided for the passage of the cars between the stations.

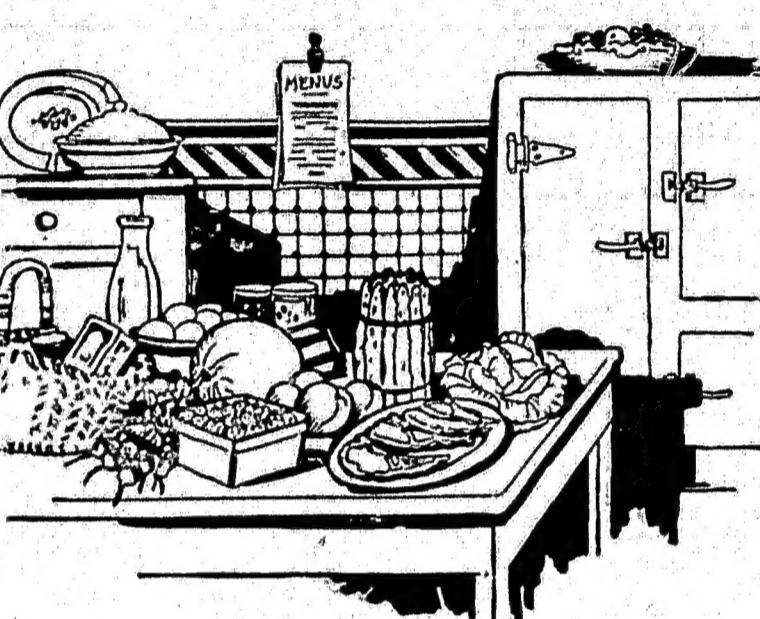
To Evacuate Old City

Sabaria, ancient Greek town of south Italy, which provided all European languages with the word expressive of licentious luxury, is to be brought to light after 25 centuries during which its very location was forgotten. The extensive marathons along that part of the gulf of Taranto is to be reclaimed by the Italian government at a cost of \$10,000,000. Experts have been detailed to watch the buried city and a portion of the allotted money will be granted for the excavation. Sabaria was destroyed in the Sixth century B. C. by its neighbor and rival, Croton, which after the course of a river in order that it forever. Some archaeologists hope the excavations will supply valuable information concerning daily life six centuries ago.

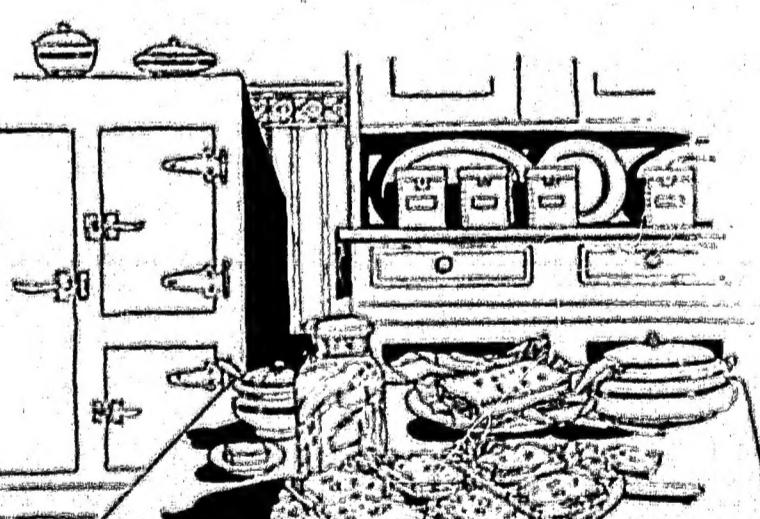
Observer Has Moon Model

Among the instruments an amateur astronomer in Los Angeles has used in making a model of the moon is a dental drill. It is helpful in marking out the small craters and other irregularities on the surface of the model, which is fastened of pieces of paper. Photographs supplied by Mount Wilson observatory and driller "I" through two high power lenses of his own have been used by the astronomer in preparing the model. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

EASIER WAYS OF MARKETING

By KATHERINE G. CORNELL
Director of the Kelvinator Domestic Institute

THE MODERN TREASURE CHEST

By KATHERINE G. CORNELL
Director of the Kelvinator Domestic Institute

WHAT has become of the emergency shelf once so important in the household's estimation? That shelf, those boxes and tins and jars and cans were dedicated to the day when company might descend upon us unexpectedly and find us with a cupboard as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's, has gone the way of the horse and buggy and the tallow candle. In these days of electricity and swift travel, completely unexpected. In place of the emergency shelf we have that modern treasure chest of the up-to-date housewife, the perfectly equipped electric refrigerator.

Within the cool depths of this modern aid to good housekeeping is a supply of good things may be had all fresh and inviting. It is a queen to come visiting and bring a fine day, her husband will be in no way disappointed.

Always Ready for Guests

There are no excuses anymore for unexpected guests.

fresh and sweet for a week; a salad which may be quickly transformed into a tasty salad with the aid of the mayonnaise jar and a few leaves of lettuce. And cheese—just a little, a fish Newburg, or chicken à la King, each a feast in itself, is a small matter when it is convenient to keep the electric refrigerator stocked with the ingredients for making these tempting dishes.

Saves on Food Bills

It is an economy, too, to have a supply of easily and quickly prepared foods on hand. One may buy with as much better judgment when not intrusted to meet an emergency, and when it is possible to pack up hamper or to buy more cheaply in quantity.

The electric refrigerator provides a place for everything that one may require for emergency purposes—a can or two of fish, or chicken—or mushrooms; a jar of pickled lamb's tongue; a small bottle of maraschino cherries and one of pimento; an extra bottle of cream, which you can keep

fresh and sweet for a week; a salad which may be quickly transformed into a tasty salad with the aid of the mayonnaise jar and a few leaves of lettuce. And cheese—just a little, a fish Newburg, or chicken à la King, each a feast in itself, is a small matter when it is convenient to keep the electric refrigerator stocked with the ingredients for making these tempting dishes.

Fish Newburg Recipe

Fish Newburg is one of the tastiest of hot dishes. To make it, take a can of tuna fish, crab meat and shrimp, or lobsters, crab meat and salmon, or any combination of fish that you prefer. Open the cans, drain and shake the fish so that it is in small pieces. Make a white sauce, a little richer than usual, and mix the fish in with it. Simmer it in a well-heated casserole, a dash of mace, and if

WHAT IT COSTS TO GOVERN US

By PROF. M. H. HUNTER
Dept. of Economics, Univ. of Illinois

Those Who Do Not Feel the Taxes

ARE taxes felt only by those who pay them? It is frequently thought that those who have such a small amount of property or such a small income as not to be subject to taxation escape the ordeal of being burdened by taxes. Frequently it is contended that only taxpayers should be allowed to vote when expenditure of funds is involved, since it is they who have to foot the bill in taxes.

Those who pay taxes certainly feel them in a definite, tangible way, for they are forced upon them with apparently nothing given in return. But do not others, in the end, help to recompense those who make the direct payment?

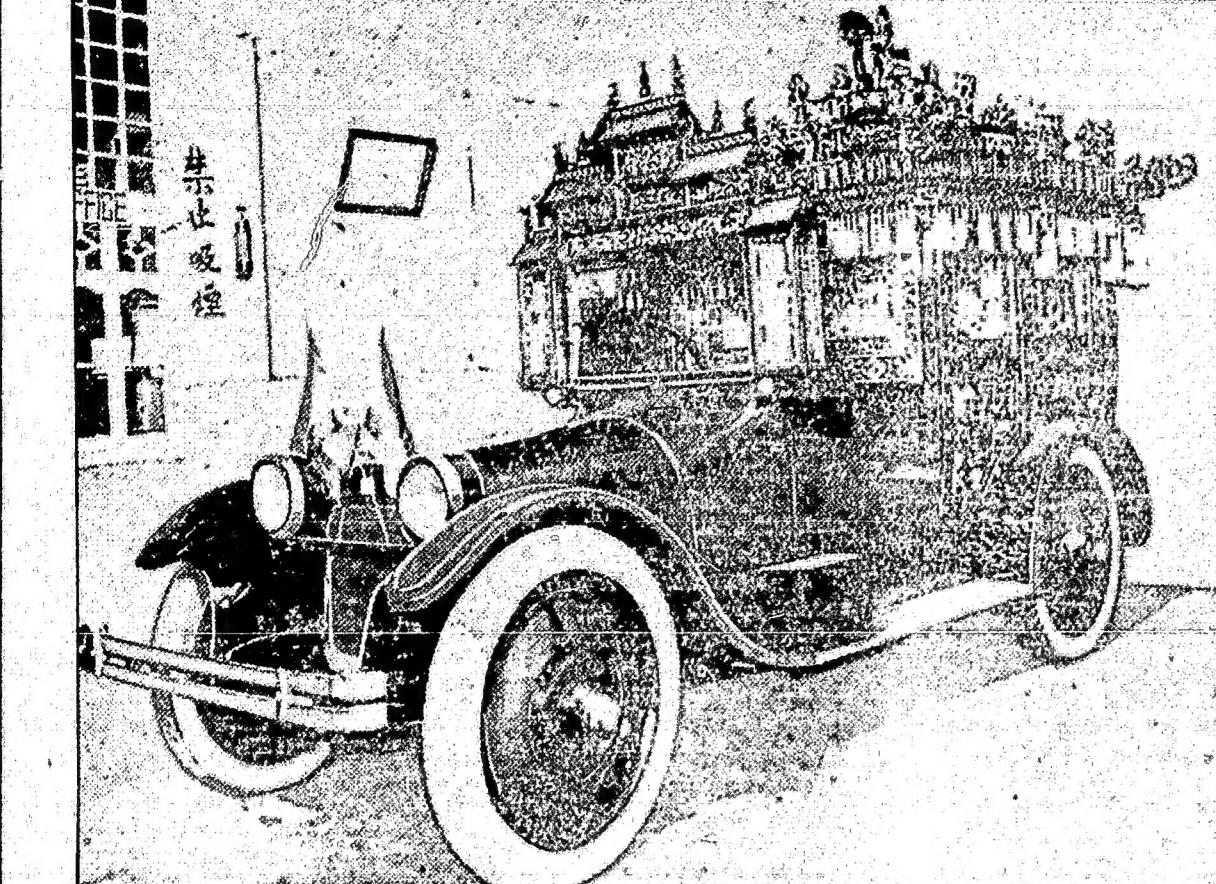
A man may possess no real estate, but few there are who do not live in a house or part of a house for which they must pay rent. The owner of the house, apartment, or hotel must pay taxes upon it since it is a part of his property. To him the tax is a part of his cost and he would not have been willing to have spent his money in the construction of the building unless the rent were enough more than the tax to net him a fair return. The man who pays rent on a building is helping to pay the owner's tax.

Some people who own no property buy cigars and cigarettes. The manufacturers have been required to buy stamps and place them upon the packages. It is undoubtedly true that the price of cigars and cigarettes is higher because of this tax, and he who buys them is helping the manufacturer pay his tax.

When one numbers those who buy groceries, meats, clothing, and the many other things which satisfy our daily wants, the great mass of the people is accounted for. Whether these pay taxes directly or not, they buy from those who are taxed. The grocer either pays taxes on his store-room or else pays rent to the owner out of which taxes must be paid. The same is true of the butcher, the baker, the clothier, and the jeweler.

Who are those, then, who do not feel the effects of taxes? Certainly not those who buy goods into the cost of production of which a tax has entered, for this is reflected in a higher price. It is only safe to say that those who buy no goods, those in the insane asylums, prisons, and almshouses, do not help to pay the some \$8,000,000 annual tax burden in the United States.

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)



On a Buick chassis is mounted this flower-decked sedan of a Chinese bride, ready for the procession that will carry her to her new home. Motor cars rapidly are replacing the poles upon which coolies have borne the bride's sedan.

Display of Learning

Unseemly for Women?

Dr. John Gregory, a Scotch physician and a master student of human nature, left a bit of shrewd and sophisticated writing in "A Father's Legacy to His Daughters," which he published in 1707. For reasons best known to themselves, the ladies may be interested in his admonitions:

"Be ever cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman with good parts and a cultivated understanding.

"A man is real genius and cannot be far superior to this meanness. But such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to show the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess."

Detroit News.

Novelist's Hard Luck Didn't Escape Notice

Novelist Upton Sinclair sold at a New York reception:

"We novelists should never frequent high society. We are out of place there, and all kinds of awkward accidents happen to us."

"A young American novelist was invited to dine with the duchess of Marlborough. He wore at the dinner one of those made-up ties that fasten to the collar button with a rubber loop, and the meat had hardly begun when this rubber loop worked loose and the novelist's tie dropped into his soup.

"He fished it out with thumb and finger and laid it beside his plate. Then he began to debate with himself whether or not he should wipe it dry and put it on again. One thing was fortunate, anyhow—nobody seemed to have noticed his trouble.

"In the midst of his self-debate the butler bent over him, pointed his finger at the tie and said in a loud voice:

"Have you quite done with this sir?"—to the Free Press.

The first edition of first grows as fast as a bacterium or 100 per cent in 24 hours.

DO YOU KNOW

The world's most destructive living creature is bacteria or 100 per cent in 24 hours.

A man's first kiss is first kiss and last kiss to Lady Muir. Westerly. It was written in 1700.

Treatment of Cancer

In view of what the radium experts demonstrated (at the International Cancer conference) "surgeon operator for several of the most frequent and rapidly fatal forms of cancer must be definitely ranked as a deplorable second best, definitely only when radium is unobtainable."

We definitely see the beginning of the end of the long dominance over this subject exerted by the surgeons, says the London Spectator. And, in the realm of urgent practice, and the relief of present sufferers and their immediate successors, the next step is to find, to purchase, and to distribute enough radium, now somewhere or other in the rocks of our globe, to be available wherever cancer is treated.

Smile: As phoney as the nicknames under the photos in a high school annual.

Passenger rates on a dirigible make a ten-cent carfare scarcely worth thinking about.

The five-cent cigar wasn't much in evidence this year either as an inducement or an issue.

"A clean furnace burns less coal" And likewise a clean conscience consumes less energy.

Among the several efforts to be bigger and better that fall is vanishing a corncock pipe.

Hoover tells us that we have now the greatest per capita wealth in the world. Try and get it!

They don't have to find a new and valuable vitamin in porterhouse, it being expensive enough.

The Zeppelin is described as "a silver fish." Fish culture becomes bigger sport than fish catching.

Books are those old, printed books that Junior needs \$20 for, two days after handing back at 60¢ a copy.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

Peculiarity of Mankind

Human nature often manifests itself in ways that puzzle the scientists dealing primarily with material rather than mental research, according to chemists in the laboratories of the United States Department of Agriculture. As an example, one points out the history of efforts that led up to passage of the federal food and drugs act. At a comparatively early date the chemists advocated and secured passage of laws requiring manufacturers of fertilizers to state accurately the constituents of the products they marketed. They next worked for the passage of similar laws controlling the purity of cattle feeds, and then finally of human foods. "Strange as it may seem," the chemist observes, "the control of the quality of the products used by man himself is always the last and most difficult to secure."

Converted by Airplane

An intelligent African was greatly shaken in his belief in Islam through recently seeing several airplanes visiting Zaria and the interior of his country. The sight of them convinced this man that the Moslem belief was indeed false, since amongst other things it teaches the solidity of the clouds above! This caused a thorough disturbance in the spectator's mind, and there is good reason to believe he will soon be turned in high esteem to Allah in every lowly believer who yields to His love.—Montreal Star.

For Bread and Butter

Herewith the whole of an affectionate letter written after the loss of a week by a boy in camp who, the old folks feared, might be suffering from homesickness:

"Dear Dad: This is one of the rest periods when you are supposed to rest and write letters home. This is one of the letters. I would probably not have written so soon, but to get into the dining room tonight I have to have written a letter home. It is about dinner time, now, so must close. Your son Bill."

Books are those old, printed books that Junior needs \$20 for, two days after handing back at 60¢ a copy.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

They asked the oldster at the party which he liked best, a circle of a s-sophone, and he said "Zither."

A Japanese capitalist says he is completely won by the private securities of American companies. Still, we've seen cases in which the executives were too.

There is a man man who sold the children Santa Claus has scattered around. Then there is an older who sells the radio for a man's son. He is 80.

One of the grizzlies I came across in Alaska, one of the life to prove through the window of the cage, was the absence of powder loads when dealing with human hyenas.

